A Christian conference betvveene

Christ and a Sinner, wherein is shewed the Love of Christ towards Mankinde, and the paines which he suffered upon the Crosse for our sinnes together with the wickednesse of our corrupt natures toward him for the same To the tune of Goe to bed sweet heart.

I Am a poore sinner, how should I begin,
to fall from my folly and horrible sin,
I know not to whom I should make my complaint
my sins are so hainous my heart it doth faint.
My conscience accuseth me, no man can comfort me
Succour me sweet Christ I would come to thee.

Christ.

O thou sinfull creature why dost thou dispaire,
canst thou not settle thy self unto prayer:
By faith and repentance if thou wilt relent,
and fall from the former life thou hast ill spent:
And turn away from thy sin, that's the way to begin
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me.

The Sinner.

Alas, when to pray to thee I have intended,
My conscience doth tell me I have so offended
That thou wilt deny my request in my prayer,
and this (O Lord) causeth me thus to dispaire.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

Where dost thou finde in my holy bible,
that nothing with me can be unpossible:
For were thine iniquity never so great,
my mercy surpasseth it, if thou wilt intreat,
And turn away, &c

Sinner.

O how my body doth tremble and shake,
my soul is unquiet my heart it doth ake:
The Devil doth temp and leave me to ill,
enforcing that thou wilt be angry still.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

Beleeve not the Devill for all his delay,
for his subtill sleight is to worke thy decay:
Think how I converted my Apostle S. Paul,
by mercy and favour which I give to you all.
Turn away, &c.

Sinner.

How apt is ill counsell to lead me to vice,
how doth the world daily my fancy intice,
Adversity pincheth me every houre,
I dread not thy judgement, thy justice and power.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

O earth and slime learne thou to shun all annoy,
and suffer with patience, so shalt thou have joy,
Consider what paine I have suffered for thee,
enduring all torments to set thy soule free.
Then turn away, &c.

Sinner.

O my sweet Saviour, I cannot deny,
but that for my filthy offence thou didst die.
And what cruell pangs thou abidst in the Garden,
and daily sweet Jesus thou pleadst for my pardon

Christ.

Then since thou confesest that I am thy Saviour,
behold which way thou shalt attain to my favour
Examine thy sinnes and be sory therefore,
and never commit such offence any more.
Then turne away, &c.

Sinner.

Alas, I am feeble and have not the face;
take hold of thy promise except thy sweet grace,
My carcasse is filthy and nothing but clay,
send help I beseech thee or else I decay.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

If once I do see thee be sory in heart,
amending thy life, and in time will convert,
Let nothing dismay thee for I will receive thee,
let all thy familiar and worldly friends leave thee
Then turn away, &c.

Sinner.

Then Lord in thy mercy is all my whole stay,
permit not foule Satan to cast me away,
From that filthy tyrant sweet Jesus defend me,
he leads my affections, and still doth attend me.
And daily he telleth me, no man, &c.

Christ.

Say to him thus when he would thee devoure,
avoid wicked Satan thou hast no more power,
But that which my God doth permit unto thee,
thou hast not the power to be master ore me.
Beleeve not his treacherie, that's the, &c.

Sinner.

I thanke thee sweet Jesus that of thy good grace,
thou standest to assist me in every place.
Yet I am disloyall unjust and perverse,
no creature more filthy that I can rehearse.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

Take up thy crosse and follow then me,
with patience continue and look that thou be,
For all thine offences repentant with sorrow,
thinke death is at hand to present thee to morrow,
Then turn away from thy sin, thats the way to begin
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me.

Sinner.

My filthy unworthynesse here I confesse,
forgive me, O Saviour and send me repentance
Encrease my faith and patience that I may
attaine to thy presence, and boldly may say,
Depart from me vanity, Christ hath released me,
Succour me sweet Christ, I would come to thee.

FINIS.

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